

EXTEMPORAL PREACHING.

The habit of preaching extempore is a gift, to be obtained by prayer and strengthened by exercise.—The chief obstacles are unbelief, a regard to self, and a fear of man. I believe, my dear friend, if our minds were duly impressed with all the topics of the gospel it would be difficult to study a sermon.

If I was sure that both I and all my auditory were to die and appear before God, the moment I had finished my next sermon, how little should I attend to the minutiae of arrangement and style? My heart would teach my mouth, my thoughts would be weighty, too big, indeed, for words fully to express, yet it is probable they would find the fittest words I was master of, waiting for employment. When you try you will have trepidations and variations. You will speak sometimes much better, and sometimes much worse than you expected beforehand. You will often perceive your own insufficiency; and now and then perhaps your hearers will perceive it likewise. But upon the whole you will get forward; you will preach more pleasantly to yourselves and more acceptably to the spiritual and simple part of your hearers. You may sometimes put a sentence out of its proper place, and expose yourself to the notice of little nibbling critics, who make a man an offender for a word; but this you will not greatly mind, if you are successful in winning and edifying souls.—*Vestron.*

She is a charming dancer,' I observed. 'Yes?' replied she, 'she understands the philosophy of art better than any of her contemporaries; it is to throw around sensuality such a coloring of refinement as will divest it of its grossness.' For this she paid a hundred pounds a night and is allowed two benefits in the season, that generally average a thousand pounds each. While you are thus liberal to a dancer, some of the worthiest of your ministers of religion receive about fifty pounds per annum, for wearing out their lives for the good of your souls; and many of your exalted men of genius are left to starve. Such is the consistency of human nature.—*Mephistopheles.*

The terrible yell which was now sent forth by the children, drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefited by the ends he obtained.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A FOOTMAN.—A person advertising for a footman in a London paper, gives the following specification of the qualifications required in the article wanted.

Wanted immediately, as footman, a respectable and well educated man; he must understand the dead languages and speak most of the living ones fluently. He will be expected to wait at table with decorum, to clean the knives and forks, and attend to a horse and zig. He must be of a grave and serious deportment, help the girls to make the beds, and play with the children!'

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1835.

MOBOCRACY—YET AGAIN.

We write upon this important subject not as an Abolitionist—not as a Colonizationist—but as a FREEMAN—a Freeman of REPUBLICAN AMERICA. In that character we say before God, if the public press does not alter its tone, the result will be universal ruin. It is to be expected that any true-blooded American will submit to have iron manacles placed by popular despotism upon his intellect! The time has not yet arrived when such an impious desecration is to transpire. IT HAS NOT YET ARRIVED. And—mark us—when that time does come, the terrific scenes of revolution will come with it. We say this without the power to look into the womb of futurity, and to read the embryo history of another generation. It is the product of common sense, and all past observation. This is the only comment we shall make upon the following mob-creating extracts:

[From the Charleston Courier.]

A recent article in the "Advertiser," under the signature of "Hieronymus" in the "New-York Journal of Commerce," whose object seems to be to break ground in favor of ultimate abolition. This writer quotes the fact of the recent burning in effigy of Garrison, Cox, and Tappan, in this city. We ourselves witnessed the occurrence of the mimic fact, and doubt not the REAL TRAGEDY would be consummated on the persons of those miscreants, could they only be brought within striking distance.

No word of disapproval!

[From the Columbia (S.C.) Telescope.]

Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of Slavery is not, and shall not be, open to discussion—that the system is deep-rooted among us, and MUST REMAIN FOREVER—that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon the evils of slavery, and the necessity of putting measures in operation to secure us from them, in the same moment HIS TONGUE SHALL BE CUT OUT and cast upon the dunghill.

The Philadelphia Times, a paper opposed to the movements of Abolitionists, and equally opposed to mobocratic misrule, and the attempts now making to shackle the mind, thus humorously writes:—

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business.—What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are cold-fish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

I inquired, "With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams, too?"

"Oh, no," said he, "they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes," says he, "I was out last year and one day when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the—hook took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister?"—*Christian Mirror.*

As the rivers which flow from the sea run back again into the sea; so those blessings which come from God, must always be employed for God. What I have received from him in mercy, he must have it back again in his glory. Therefore, Lord! whatever I enjoy, let me find thee in it, and serve thee in it.

I have a precious soul, shall I lose it for a lust? I have a gracious God, shall I venture him for a sin? No, I will always reject for that which I can assure to lose my peace, likely to lose my soul.

IRISH SERMON.

The following sketch of a sermon preached near Sligo, is copied from Bernard's Retrospections.

"My dear children, you know that I have been your Father, and comforter, and Confessor, these six and twenty years next Feast of the Virgin; and you know what trouble I've had in keeping Satan from taking hold of your souls. Ay, you may well look grim, but you are mighty sure, every son of Adam amongst you, that I have worked hard enough. But you will never leave off your abominable tricks? What you think you sin as you please the whole week long, and come to me for absolution at the end of it! Then I shall tell you what, my darlings—you won't get it. Arrah now, Pat Maloney, why did you cock your eye on the pulpit just then? I didn't say I meant you—but now you'll give me leave to suppose so. And you Philip O'Slughnessy—you are making a great bother with your nose and throat, as if you had a big cold; wait a bit, darling; I'll come to you presently, and mind if I don't tickle your rotten conscience to some tune!"

Does anyone know Judy Bryant? Oh, to be sure, every body knows poor Judy; and yet I dare say some of you will pretend to tell me that you never heard or saw such a crachur in all your born days.—Now, couldn't poor Judy hang her blanket out to dry

—her only blanket, on her own palings, but that the Devil must put it into the heads of certain persons whom I have at this moment in my eye, to take a fancy to the same? Well, Murlock O'Donnell, I didn't say it was you it, although you do look so fitful and flustered: nor you, Barney O'Shane; but you remember I said I had the person in my eye, do you? And you Meggy Flanagan,—you can't sit asy in your seat either; yet who would suspect you, that have got a comfortable home, and your husband Teddy one of the best cobblers in the county?" He now deepened his voice, and threw into his manner a very impressive solemnity. "Remember what I have said, my children! Poor Judy Bryant has lost her blanket! I have the big bifuc before me that stow it; and it's not returned to her before to-morrow morning I'll have nothing more to do with him in this world or the next!"

The terrible yell which was now sent forth by the children, drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefited by the ends he obtained.

REV. CHARLES K. TRUE. Principal of the America Seminary, in the State of New York, received the degree of A. M. at the recent Commencement at Harvard College.

upon the importance of internal improvement. After interesting us in these subjects fifteen or twenty minutes, he changed his theme, and alluded to a sentiment which had been given at the table respecting his efforts to sustain the constitution. Immediately on entering upon this subject, his manner which had been, though eloquent, calm, reflective, and gentlemanly, was changed—not that he was under the influence of any undignified excitement—but his whole soul was engaged. The constitution had, he thought, two objects in view; the preservation of the union of the States, and the imposition of proper restraints and limitations upon men in power. It is too late for me to attempt a sketch of what he said under the two heads which these furnished him with. I will just mention one remark, under the second head, which struck me. We are very prone, especially under certain circumstances—as during times of high party excitement—to substitute confidence in men for a dependence upon the restraints upon power imposed by the constitution. If we have no other security in the administration of government than the good intentions of frail and mutable men, it will be gone when these good intentions are changed. He closed with the following sentiment, which I think, worthy of being retained in the memory of every American citizen:—

Civil Liberty. Its only security is constitutional restraint upon political power.

Yours, &c.

N.

back into his former courses, and became a wretched drunkard. There was so much of interest in this unhappy man, that we sought and obtained an interview. He bore the marks and numbers of intemperance, but was perfectly sober at the early hour, which we had purposely selected for the interview. His intemperance was of that species, in which there are *meliora interalla*. After a week or fortnight of excess, he would attend to his ordinary duties, with diligence. We told him that we were desirous of hearing his story from his own lips; that we were not actuated by a motive of mere curiosity; but were desirous, without any exposure of his name before the world, of making a profitable use of his experience, for the benefit of his fellow men. With some reluctance, he commenced a narrative of his life, and we never shall forget the apparent anguish, with which he recounted that particular portion of his history, which we now repeat, almost, as we believe, in his own words, and as we noted them down immediately after his departure.—"My first common daily drink," said he, "was ale or porter beer, and occasionally wine. As I increased my allowance, I weakened the powers of my stomach. A little brandy, but more particularly gin, seemed to restore me wonderfully. The habit fairly got the mastery over me, and at last I lost all self-restraint. I had been a member of Rev. Mr. —'s church for seven years, and my wife had been a professor of religion two years longer. One evening I received a note from our minister, requesting me to call upon him the next morning at a particular hour. I knew there had been a meeting of the church, which I did not attend, and I began to mistrust, that I might have exposed myself. I asked my wife what she thought the minister wanted me for. She looked very sober and said nothing. It disturbed me all night; however I went, at the time appointed, and found our minister with deacon —, who hastened off and left us together. The minister told me, with great kindness, but very plainly, that some of the church had been in favor of cutting me off from the communion, but that the majority had inclined to mercy, and that he had been requested to admonish me, and to assure me, that if I did not immediately reform, I should be excommunicated. He then gave me a solemn talk, and with tears in his eyes.—In about a month from that time I joined the Temperance Society. I drank nothing but water, for about twelve months; but I had not the courage to go to the communion, during this period; for my craving for drink was so strong, that, even then, I was afraid I should some day break my pledge, and I had a feeling, that I should only aggravate my sin, by going to the Lord's table; and I did not wish to bring any fresh scandal on the church. However, after I had abstained from all intoxicating drink for more than a year, my wife said so much about the example before the children, and the duty of returning to the table, that I consented. At that time, I felt pretty well able to resist all temptation to drink strong drink of any kind, and I was certainly better in health. I went to the communion. I thought my mind was in a proper frame.—But the first instant that I tasted that wine, my relish returned for intoxicating drink, in a manner that I cannot describe. I felt like a beast, that had been once tamed, but having gotten a taste of blood, has become as savage as before. As we walked home, my wife asked me if I did not feel happier. I made no reply, which she probably attributed to the solemnity of my feelings.—Before I signed the pledge, we kept a small liquor case in an open parlor closet. I told my wife she had better lock it up and put it out of the way. She placed it in a chamber closet.—No sooner had we reached home, than I stole privately to that chamber and locked the door behind me. I soon found the key of the closet. I burst off the lock of the liquor case with my screw-driver, and swallowed a dram. After that I was gone; and the world would not tempt me to try again."—Such was the tale of this unhappy man; and we regret, that we have no power of relating it to our readers the deep emotion, with which he was convulsed, while he related the concluding portion of that narrative.

The concentrated voice of the friends of temperance

the result of free discussion and grave deliberation, in several recent conventions, remarkable for their wisdom, and learning, and talents of their individual members, has proclaimed the world, in the most unequivocal manner, and with wonderful unanimity, that the total abandonment of all intoxicating drinks is essential to the complete success of the temperance reform. Numerous societies, at

present, are forming also to prohibit the use of fermented wine.

Mr. Sprague will pardon us, we trust, for this employment of his own words, which so forcibly express the feelings of many sincere and devoted Christians. We have shown, in the first place, that *unfermented wine*, is productive of "painful associations, by which our communion is embarrassed and embittered."

Dr. Sprague will pardon us, we trust, for this employment of his own words, which so forcibly express the feelings of many sincere and devoted Christians. We have shown, in the first place, that *unfermented wine*, is productive of "painful associations, by which our communion is embarrassed and embittered."

It is unnecessary for us to deny the charge. The history of Methodism, now before the world, is a standing

reputation of it.

It is with regret, and sorrow of heart, that we see a Methodist Conference appoint an agent to further such a cause, forming also an Abolition Society, as if they had for the first time opened their Bibles on their excellent Director. We have, in the first place, of such an agent, a sinner a man, with a title in his hand, to preach salvation to the Southern blacks, then we would wish them God speed.—*Pittsburgh Conference Journal.*

Brother Elliott will allow us to correct him. If he refers to the agency of Rev. George Storts, of the New England Conference, he was not appointed by the Conference, but by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The former body voted to leave him without an appointment at his own request.

THE ANCIENT LANDMARK.

We beg leave to refer the Preachers, and People generally, to Rev. B. Otheman's letter, published in the Herald a few weeks since. The suggestions contained in it, are of paramount importance. The peculiarities of Methodism are, under God, her vitality. Take away love-feasts—allow classes to become a matter of form—and let the Quarterly Meetings be regarded as useless incubrations, and where is the Church distinctively?

The Methodist Episcopal Church must return to *first principles*. We say—sorry are we to do it—"she must return." She has been silently, slowly, sliding off the platform reared by the fathers, and cemented by the salt tears of extraneous suffering.

But do you suppose the economy of the Church unimprovable?

No. We believe it can be, ought to be, and will be, amended, as the varying circumstances of succeeding generations may demand. But this we also say—certain principles, which make us Methodists in distinction from every other denomination, should be untouched. They are sacred.

The Presiding Elder of the Boston District, is about commencing his second tour. Let us rub the dust from our ancient landmarks, polish the "old things," and show him, and all concerned, that we are determined to stand by PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

Since writing the above we have received the following from Rev. B. Otheman:—

BOSTON DISTRICT.

DEAR BROTHER—We have just completed our Quarterly Meetings for the first quarter. And although we have abundant cause for gratitude that our societies in general remain steadfast and immovable, and that in some places there is an unusual stirring after all the mind of Christ, (and in one of our societies, Church Street station, Boston, an almost constant reformation and enlargement,) we have also reason to rejoice, that the spirit of our meetings appears to be still strong.

Let us suppose, that a certain member of a community has been long and notoriously the minister of much mischief and misery to his fellow citizens, that if not expelled from general society by common consent, he has become an object of detestation to very many of the wise and good. Nevertheless we are destined to pass an hour in this man's society every month, in the house and at a very table of our best friend; may more, we are compelled to take him by the hand, and give him a public testimonial of our affectionate respect, whom elsewhere we treat with coldness and contempt. Let us suppose that, while we are striving to rid ourselves of this odious being, by whose presence our relation to this best of friends is embarrassed and embittered, we should be told by a grave and reverend personage, that if the presence of this disgusting creature is not essential to a continuance of our relation to this dearest of friends, by the very conditions of our friendship, he knows not what is! Can any thing be imagined more monstrous and absurd! No one, we presume, can fail to understand the application of this analogy.

When it was first proposed to comprehend wine as well as ardent spirits in the temperance pledge, we were told, that a clergyman, who was altogether opposed to the measure, affirmed that he denominated the use of wine, offered an insult to the memory of his Redeemer. In this very observation, which received a sympathetic response from various quarters, we discover an additional reason for the opinion, that *fermented wine* is *offensive* at the table of our Lord; inasmuch, as by its continued employment there, not a few, who search the Scriptures for the pain of recapitulating here, and which may be found in vol. 2, of Dr. Gregory's Letter's, page 65, 4th ed.: London, 1822,—and also in a note at the close of the second chapter of Bickersteth's Treatise on the Lord's Supper, edited by Rev. G. T. Bedell.

Small as the quantity may be, which is ordinarily received, it has been occasionally productive of the most deplorable effects. Let us briefly recite a fact within the compass of our own knowledge. We had heard the story of a church member, who had been admonished for his irregularities, joined the Temperance Society, and continued faithful to his pledge, for twelve months, till

"I have no hesitation," says Dr. Lindsley in his prize essay, page 135, "in asserting, that there is no state of the system, however exhausted or enfeebled,—no species of malady, however obstinate or malignant,—no case of disease, however dangerous or appalling, in which ardent spirit is indispensably necessary, and in which a substitute, perfectly equal to all the exigencies of the case, cannot easily be found."

"It is the sacred duty of every one, exercising the profession of medicine," says Professor Chapman of Philadelphia, "to unite with the moralist, the divine, and the economist, in discouraging the consumption of these baneful articles, and as the first step in the scheme of reformation, to discontinue the popular notion of their remedial efficacy."

"Often," says Professor Mussey, Prize Essay, page 60, "have I witnessed, in fits of distressing prostration, joined sometimes with great irritability of the nerves, both during and after the subsidence of the severity of acute disease, a far more refreshing and invigorating effect from sponging the head, body and limbs with simple cold water, or weak warm soap suds, followed by gentle friction, than from any doses of spirit, wine, or porter I have ever seen administered."

We will say a word only of the wine of Cana. The object of the miracle was the manifestation of God's power,

ties have disappeared, especially in those accessible to foreign influence, and more or less intercourses of business

EXTEN'TORE PREACHING.

"The habit of preaching extempore is a gift, to be obtained by prayer and strengthened by exercise.—The chief obstacles are unbelief, a regard to self, and a fear of man. I believe, my dear friend, if our minds were duly impressed with all the topics of the gospel it would be difficult to study a sermon.

If I was sure that both I and all my auditory were to die and appear before God, the moment I had finished my next sermon, how little should I attend to the minute of arrangement and style? My heart would teach my mouth, my thoughts would be weighty, too big, indeed, for words fully to express, yet it is probable they would find the fittest words I was master of, waiting for employment. When you try you will have trepidations and variations. You will speak sometimes much better, and sometimes much worse than you expected beforehand. You will often perceive your own insufficiency; and now and then perhaps your hearers will perceive it likewise. But with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefited by the ends he obtained."

She is a charming dancer," I observed, "Yes?" replied he, "she understands the philosophy of her art better than any of her contemporaries; it is to throw off the gossamer such a coloring of refinement as will divest it of its grossness. For this she is paid a hundred pounds a night, and allowed two benefits in the season, that generally average a thousand pounds each." While you are thus liberal to a dancer, some of the worthiest of your ministers of religion receive about fifty pounds per annum, for wearing out their lives for the good of your souls; and many of your exalted men of genius are left to starve. Such is the consistency of human nature."—*Mephistopheles*.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A FOOTMAN.—A person advertising for a footman in a London paper, gives the following specification of the qualifications required in the article.

"Wanted immediately, as footman, a respectable and well educated man; he must understand the dead languages and speak most of the living ones fluently. He will be expected to wait at table with decorum, to clean the knives and forks, and attend to a horse and gig. He must be of a grave and serious deportment, bold the girls to make the beds, and play with the children, drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefited by the ends he obtained."

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, as footman, a respectable and well educated man; he must understand the dead languages and speak most of the living ones fluently. He will be expected to wait at table with decorum, to clean the knives and forks, and attend to a horse and gig. He must be of a grave and serious deportment, bold the girls to make the beds, and play with the children."

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1835.

A Christian may raise another paradise here below, may have a lower heaven on earth; for this is life eternal, to know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. To know Christ in the evidence of his love revealed to us, and Christ revealed in us, is the very entrance of heaven; for what is the perfection of grace, but the fulness of his knowledge; and what is the consummation of glory, but the blessedness of his fulness? Therefore, Lord, be every day adding to my knowledge, that so at my last day I may be perfect.

The Gambler may read his fate in the following lines:

Their names—HOPE, INFAMY, THE GRAVE;
The first the victim's entrance greets,
And by the others retreats.

I am an old fashioned man, and plain country Baptist. I have a complaint to make against a class of men whom I highly esteem. Most of the ministers who visit this part of the country, (near the Blue Ridge,) indulge themselves in the disgusting practice of spitting tobacco juice around the meeting houses and pulpits in which they preach, so as materially to disturb me, and almost to destroy my devotion when I go to meeting. This practice is disgusting, filthy, impolite, uncouth, and generally unpleasant. I am made sick by even thinking enough about it to write. A few days ago a young man preached in our pulpit and I believe he spat as often as once in two minutes during his whole sermon, so that the pulpit floor was as filthy as a stable when he had finished his discourse. The sight and the smell made me sick, and I had no enjoyment that day. A number of ladies said, after meeting, "what a filthy minister we had to-day!"—how often he spits!"—*Rel. Herald.*

THE FISHERMAN.

I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said—

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business.—What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are cod-fish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me,

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

I inquired, "With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams, too?"

"Oh, no," said he, "they will not bite at clams?"

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a line?"

"Yes" says he, "I was out last year and one day when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the—hook took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister"—*Christian Mirror.*

As the rivers which flow from the sea run back again into the sea; so those blessings which come from God, must always be employed for God. What I have received from him in mercy, he must have it back again in his glory. Therefore, Lord! whatever I enjoy, let me find thee in it, and serve thee in it.

I have a precious soul, shall I lose it for a lust? I have a gracious God, shall I venture it for a sin? No, I will always reject that for which I am sure to lose my peace, likely to lose my soul.

IRISH SERMON.

The following sketch of a sermon preached near Sligo, is copied from Bernard's Retrospections.

"My dear children. You know that I have been your Father, and confidante, and Confessor, these six and twenty years next Feast of the Virgin; and you know what trouble I've had in keeping Satan from taking hold of your souls. Ay, you may well look gloom, but you are mighty sure, every son of Adam amongst you, that I have worked hard enough. But you'll never leave off your abominable tricks? What? you think you sin as you please the whole week long, and come to me for absolution at the end of it? Then I shall tell you what, my darlings—you won't get it. Arrah now, Pat Malone, why did you cock your eye on the pulpit at them? I didn't say I meant you—but now you'll give me leave to suppose so. And you Philip O'Shugnessy—you are making a great bother with your nose and throat, as if you had a big cold; wait a bit, darling; I'll come to you presently, and mind if I don't tickle your rotten conscience to some time!"

Does any one know Judy Bryant? Oh, to be sure, every body knows poor Judy; and yet I dare say some of you will pretend to tell me that you never heard or saw such a crachin in all your born days—Now, couldn't poor Judy hang her blanket out to dry

—her only blanket, on her own palings, but that the Devil must put it into the heads of certain persons, whom I have at this moment in my eye, to take a fancy to the same? Well, Murtock O'Donnell, I didn't say it was you did it, although you do look so fatigued and flushed; nor you, Barney O'Shane; but you remember I said I had the person in my eye, to do? and Meggy Flanagan,—you can't sit sly in your sather; yet who would suspect you, that have got a comfortable home, and your husband Teddy one of the best cobblers in the county?" He now deepened his voice, and drew into his manner a very impressive solemnity. "Remember what I have said, my children! Poor Judy Bryant has lost her blanket! I have the big thafe before me that stowl it: and it's not returned to her before to-morrow morning I'll have nothing more to do with him in this world or the next!"

The terrible yell which was now sent forth by the children, drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefited by the ends he obtained."

THEODORE K. TRUE, Principal of the American Seminary, in the State of New York, received the degree of A. M. at the recent Commencement at Harvard College.

upon the importance of internal improvement. After interesting us in these subjects fifteen or twenty minutes, he changed his theme, and alluded to a sentiment which had been given at the table respecting his efforts to sustain the constitution. Immediately on entering upon this subject, his manner which had been, though eloquent, calm, reflective, and gentlemanly, was changed,—not that he was under the influence of an undignified excitement—but his whole soul was engaged. The constitution had, he thought, two objects in view; the preservation of the union of the States, and the imposition of proper restraints and limitations upon men in power. It is too late for me to attempt a sketch of what he said under the two heads which these furnished him with. I will just mention one remark, under the second head, which struck me. We are very prone, especially under certain circumstances—as during times of high party excitement—to substitute confidence in men for a dependence upon the restraints upon power imposed by the constitution. If we have no other security in the administration of government than the good intentions of frail and mutable men, it will be gone when these good intentions are changed. He closed with the following sentiment, which, I think, worthy of being retained in the memory of every American citizen:—

Civil Liberty. Its only security is constitutional restraint upon political power.

Yours, &c.

back into his former courses, and became a wretched drunkard. There was no much of interest in this unhappy man, that we sought and obtained an interview. He bore the marks and numbers of intemperance, but was perfectly sober at the early hour, which we had purposely selected for the interview. His intemperance was of that species, in which there are *meliora intervalla*. After a week or fortnight of excess, he would attend to his ordinary duties, with diligence. We told him that we were desirous of hearing his story from his own lips; that we were not actuated by a motive of mere curiosity; but were desirous, without any exposure of his name before the world, of making a profitable use of his experience, for the benefit of his fellow men. With some reluctance, he commenced a narrative of his life, and we never shall forget the apparent anguish, with which he recounted that particular portion of his history, which we now repeat, almost, as we believe, in his own words, and as we noted them down immediately after his departure.—"My first common or daily drink," said he, "was ale or porter and water, and occasionally beer. As I increased my allowance, I weakened the powers of my stomach. A little brandy, but more particularly gin, seemed to restore me wonderfully. The habit fairly got the mastery over me, and at last I lost all self-restraint. I had been a member of Rev. Mr. —'s church for seven years, and my wife had been a professor of religion two years longer. One evening I received a note from our minister, requesting me to call upon him the next morning at a particular hour. I knew there had been a meeting of the church, which I did not attend, and I began to mistrust, that I might have exposed myself. I asked my wife what she thought the minister wanted me for. She looked very sober and said nothing. It disturbed me all night; however I went, at the time appointed, and found our minister with deacon —, who hastened off and left us together. The minister told me, with great kindness, but very plainly, that some of the church had been in favor of cutting me off from the communion, but that the majority had inclined to mercy, and that he had been requested to admonish me, and to assure me, that if I did not immediately reform, I should be excommunicated. He then gave me a solemn talk, and with tears in his eyes.—In about a month from that time I joined the Temperance Society. I drank nothing but water, for about twelve months; but I had not the courage to go to the communion, during this period; for my craving for drink was so strong, that even then, I was afraid I should some day break my pledge, and I had a feeling, that I should only aggravate my sin, by going to the Lord's table; and I did not wish to bring any scandal on the church. However, after I had abstained from all intoxicating drink for more than a year, my wife said so much about the example before the children, and the duty of returning to the table, that I consented. At that time, I felt pretty well able to resist all temptation to drink strong drink of any kind, and I was certainly better in health. I went to the communion. I thought my mind was in a proper frame.—But the first instant that I tasted that wine, my relish returned for intoxicating drink, in a manner that I cannot describe. I felt like a beast, that had been once tamed, but having gotten a taste of blood, has become as savage as before. As we walked home, my wife asked me if I did not feel happier. I made no reply, which she probably attributed to the solemnity of my feelings.—Before I signed the pledge, we kept a small liquor case in an open parlor closet. I told my wife she had better lock it up and put it out of the way. She placed it in a chamber closet.—No sooner had we reached home, than I stole privately to that chamber and locked the door behind me. I soon found the key of the closet. I burst off the lock of the liquor case with my screw-driver, and swallowed a dram. After that I was gone; and the world would not tempt me to try again.—Such was the tale of this unhappy man; and we regret, that we have no power of exhibiting to our readers the deep emotion, with which he was convulsed, while he related the concluding portion of this narrative.

The concentrated voice of the friends of temperance, the result of free discussion and grave deliberation, in several recent conventions, remarkable for the wisdom, and learning, and talents of their individual members, has proclaimed to the world, in the most unequivocal manner, that all intoxicating drinks are essential to the complete success of the temperance reform. Numerous societies, at home and abroad, recognize this principle of action. Medicinal and sacramental occasions have been hitherto excepted, by many, from this general rule. In relation to the first, there is much diversity of opinion. One professor of the healing art, an "ardent friend" of temperance, perhaps, and marvellously popular withal, is so lavish in his prescription of alcoholic restoratives, and *only as a medicine*, that an application for his counsel, with the customary catalogue of symptoms, is precisely equivalent to a civil request for a course of Brandy and Madeira. And his prescription is a professional *indulgenza* for the perpetration of the agreeable sin. Another professor, a conscientious cold-water man, prescribes alcohol, if ever" to those "who are ready to perish."

Dr. Sprague will pardon us, we trust, for this employment of his own words, which so forcibly express the feelings of many sincere and devoted Christians. We have shown, in the first place, that *unfermented juice of the grape* is "*the fruit of the vine*;" and, in the second place, that *fermented wine was used at the original institution of the eucharist*, its continued employment is not essential, at the present day, to a just performance of the rite. If we have failed in sustaining either the first or second position, it will be worse than needless to argue for that which is now under consideration.

The concentrated voice of the friends of temperance, the result of free discussion and grave deliberation, in several recent conventions, remarkable for the wisdom, and learning, and talents of their individual members, has proclaimed to the world, in the most unequivocal manner, that all intoxicating drinks are essential to the complete success of the temperance reform. Numerous societies, at home and abroad, recognize this principle of action. Medicinal and sacramental occasions have been hitherto excepted, by many, from this general rule. In relation to the first, there is much diversity of opinion. One professor of the healing art, an "ardent friend" of temperance, perhaps, and marvellously popular withal, is so lavish in his prescription of alcoholic restoratives, and *only as a medicine*, that an application for his counsel, with the customary catalogue of symptoms, is precisely equivalent to a civil request for a course of Brandy and Madeira. And his prescription is a professional *indulgenza* for the perpetration of the agreeable sin. Another professor, a conscientious cold-water man, prescribes alcohol, if ever" to those "who are ready to perish."

Dr. Sprague will pardon us, we trust, for this employment of his own words, which so forcibly express the feelings of many sincere and devoted Christians. We have shown, in the first place, that *unfermented juice of the grape* is "*the fruit of the vine*;" and, in the second place, that *fermented wine was used at the original institution of the eucharist*, its continued employment is not essential, at the present day, to a just performance of the rite. If we have failed in sustaining either the first or second position, it will be worse than needless to argue for that which is now under consideration.

The concentrated voice of the friends of temperance, the result of free discussion and grave deliberation, in several recent conventions, remarkable for the wisdom, and learning, and talents of their individual members, has proclaimed to the world, in the most unequivocal manner, that all intoxicating drinks are essential to the complete success of the temperance reform. Numerous societies, at home and abroad, recognize this principle of action. Medicinal and sacramental occasions have been hitherto excepted, by many, from this general rule. In relation to the first, there is much diversity of opinion. One professor of the healing art, an "ardent friend" of temperance, perhaps, and marvellously popular withal, is so lavish in his prescription of alcoholic restoratives, and *only as a medicine*, that an application for his counsel, with the customary catalogue of symptoms, is precisely equivalent to a civil request for a course of Brandy and Madeira. And his prescription is a professional *indulgenza* for the perpetration of the agreeable sin. Another professor, a conscientious cold-water man, prescribes alcohol, if ever" to those "who are ready to perish."

This is it will be, a rare occurrence. Most probably it is so. Suppose it to be a solitary case, though we are credibly informed that it is not; nevertheless we are inclined to believe that error of opinion may safely be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it, shall be condemned to four years confinement at hard labor in the Penitentiary.

2. Whoever shall repeat print that clause of the Pennsylvania Constitution, which declares, that "the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable RIGHTS of man," shall be condemned to ten years imprisonment.

3. Whoever shall declare that all men are born free and equal, shall be imprisoned for life.

4. Whoever shall re-publish any statement from Southern newspapers, concerning the treatment of any masters or mistresses towards their slaves, shall be HUNG.

5. Whoever shall re-publish Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, or the debates in the Virginia or Kentucky Legislatures, on the subject of slavery, shall be LYNNCHED.

Such a law would be a compliance with the spirit of the Federal Constitution, which would prove very satisfactory to the friends of strict construction.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE following are the sums offered to any one who will kidnap Arthur Tappan, and carry him south. It is said that men are in New York now, for this very purpose!—At Charleston, S. C., \$20,000; New Orleans, \$20,000; Macon, Ga., \$10,000; Norfolk, \$6,000; and in several other States, different sums, making in the aggregate upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

ERRATA.

Woonsocket, Sept. 26, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER.—In reading the obituary notice of Joel Boyden, as published in the *Herald*, I observed some capital mistakes made by you, which I wish to have corrected. Instead of "before the succeeding Sabbath," have it read "before the clock told the midnight hour of the preceding Sabbath." I have it read Sabbath evening. Instead of "Adin Ballou," have it read Rev. Adin Ballou." Instead of joining his Church in March, he joined it in June. Instead of the article being written by me, it was written by another hand, but you have attached my name to it without any authority.

H. CUMMINGS.

[From our Eastern Correspondent.]

BANGOR, Sept. 27, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER.—There has been much curiosity among the inhabitants of this place, for two or three days past, to see and hear Mr. Webster, who is this way to view some premises at Oldtown, respecting which there is a law suit, which Mr. Webster is engaged in as counsel. A dinner was given him yesterday, and about five o'clock, at the call of the citizens, Mr. Webster presented himself in front of the Bangor House, and addressed them in a manner which could not have disappointed their high expectations. After expressing his sense of their hospitality and attentions, he alluded to the rapid growth of the city, and its increasing importance, and said that, in his youth, he had been attracted hither by the evident great advantages of its location, and that it could number, at that time, but eleven or twelve houses. He spoke of the prospects of the State of Maine, of its abundant resources,—its woodland, its rivers, its great extent of seacoast, and its commodious harbors. He made some fine remarks upon the resources of our whole country, and

Heaven and earth were not moved and a stupendous miracle wrought, for the sole purpose of supplying a deficiency of wine, at the wedding of a poor family. And was that wine fermented? Before we use a precedent, we must establish a precedent. Wine-bibbers guess it was fermented. We guess it was not. In point of fact, it was new wine, for it was then just made. The omnipotence of God can make all things; but we know that new wine was as common a beverage, in those days, as new cider is at the present day. What reason then exists for supposing that Christ, who commands us to avoid the effects of the free use of wine, i.e., "drunkenness," would place the means of drunkenness so abundantly in the power of the world, as to be it was then just made. The omnipotence of God can make all things; but we know that new

land earth were not moved and a stupendous miracle, for the sole purpose of supplying a deficiency, at the wedding of a poor family. And was it ferment? Before we use a precedent, we establish a precedent. Wine-bibbers guess it was not. We guess it was not. In point of fact, it was, for it was then just made. The omnipotence can make all things; but we know that new wine is a common beverage, in those days, as new cider is present day. What reason then exists for supposing Christ, who commands us to avoid the effects of the use of wine, i.e., "drunkenness," would place an entire nation of drunkenness so abundantly in the power of human enterprise, by furnishing a copious supply of wine?—But the governor of the feast expected the approbation of this wine; and therefore, according to the taste of certain lay and clerical connoisseurs, have been a strong alcoholic wine. But how is it that the taste of this governor of the feast was as bad, as that of a modern wine drinker, prefers a racy, alcoholic liquor to the unfermented wine, which we know was customarily pressed forth grapes, into the cup of Pharaoh? It is not our desire to say more of the miracle of Cana.—Deeply do we deplore, that the very army of the world should be ransacked for weapons, by those who seem engaged on the side of righteousness and truth. We have heard an eloquent metropolitan divine, most nobly set for the defence of the gospel, quoting in defence of the temperate use of wine: and, as he reeled in front of a grog shop, Strong or those that are ready to perish!

THEOPHILUS.

TRUE?—The Christian Spectator, published at Haven, says that the watch-cry of Methodists has away with books and education, and let the Lord ministers who have graduated in the third degree necessary for us to deny the charge. The history of Methodism, now before the world, is a standing

with regret, and sorrow of heart, that we see a forming also an Abolition Society, as if they had first time opened their Bibles on their excellent men. Had they, in the place of such an agent, man with a Bible in his hand, to preach salvation to the Southern blacks, then we would wish them well.—Pittsburgh Conference Journal.

Mr. Elliott will allow us to correct him. If he represents the agency of Rev. George Storrs, of the New Haven Conference, he was not appointed by the Conference, but by the American Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. body voted to leave him without an appointment at his own request.

THE ANCIENT LANDMARK.

He leave to refer the Preachers, and People generally to Rev. B. Otheman's letter, published in the Herald weekly since. The suggestions contained in it, are under God, her vitality. Take away love—allow classes to become a matter of form—and let quarterly Meetings be regarded as useless incumbrances, and where is the Church distinctively?

Methodist Episcopal Church must return to first principles. We say—and sorry are we to do it—"she return." She has been silently, slowly, sliding off from meared by the fathers, and cemented by the years of excruciating suffering.

do you suppose the economy of the Church unimpeachable?

We believe it can be, ought to be, and will be, as the varying circumstances of succeeding nations may demand. But this we also say—certain principles, which make us Methodists in distinction from other denominations, should be untouched. They are.

Presiding Elder of the Boston District, is about concluding his second tour. Let us rub the dust from ancient landmarks, polish the "old things," and show all concerned, that we are determined to stand

IMMEDIATE METHODISM.

writing the above we have received the following from Rev. B. Otheman:

BOSTON DISTRICT.

MR. BROTHER—We have just completed our Quarterly Meetings for the first quarter. And although we have abundant cause for gratitude that our societies in general remain steadfast and immovable, and that in some there is an unusual stirring after all the mind of power, and among us not a single member appears to be in earnest of their stations at it is with deep regret we record the mournful truth, that religion and that methodism is low, very low on this District. It affords us great relief, amidst the surrounding gloom, to see that the conviction has almost universally penetrated, both among our preachers, travelling and local, among our people too, that the only way, under God, to end the evils existing, and to revive religion in its purity and excellency, is to restore ancient landmarks, give the invaluable institutions of our church their elevated situation. Only let our preachers give a clear illustration of the directions given to those who have the charge of circuits—the stewards and class leaders—let them bind to their respective offices, and with their masters make a united effort to adopt to carry our rules into effect particularly in the meeting camp-meetings—let our Quarterly Conferences of the interest, and an they should do, witness the real attendance of all their members—and our love be held according to Discipline—and instead (as in too many instances it is now) but a small part of the members of the church being present, the whole or the part be together—let our Quarterly Meeting occasions be regarded and attended as extraordinary means which were originally designed,—then would glory of our Zion appear, and become practically frustrated that METHODISM is but another word, for a kind of pure and undefiled religion."

Yours in love, B. OTHEMAN.

Oct. 1, 1835.

[From our Correspondent.]

Sabbath among the New England Hills—New England Scenery—The English Delegates at the North Carolina Camp Meeting—Dr. Codman.

MR. BROTHER—My last was dated Springfield, following Sabbath I spent in a neighboring little village, the former scene of my ministerial labors. It is a small assemblage of buildings embosomed amid mountains, which close around it like an amphitheatre of verdure, and slope and sweep it away in the distance until their height and magnitude produce a bold expression of the scene, in fine contrast with the pastoral simplicity of the farm-houses below. The cottages, like little spots, are sprinkled over the perspective at sufficient intervals not to allow of the artificial, business-like calculations of a town; nor, on the other hand, of the complete solitariness of an absence of all human habitation.

How serene, how tranquilizing is a Sabbath among rural associations—a Sabbath among the mountains of New England! I have, somewhere, met with a definition of the pleasantness of the Sabbath among the people of Scotland, I know not by whom, though the impression is still fresh in my mind, but I here felt, for the time, the reality of the description. The proverbial mind of New England is not yet extinct, and the strong of morality which the influence of the Sabbath fixed in the popular mind can yet be traced throughout its extent. Though many of its primitive characteris-

tics have disappeared, especially in those sections more accessible to foreign influence, and more affected by the intercourses of business, yet there are many little villages in the interior, where the simplicity and piety of the olden times still remain but little adulterated. Encircled by mountains which seem, like barriers, to preclude the spirit of change and degeneracy that sweeps over the rest of the world, with a population pretty nearly stationary from generation to generation, they seem not to be affected by those vicissitudes incident to the more busy places of human enterprise, but live under the roofs beneath which their fathers were born, are educated in the same little woodland school-house, worship in the same venerable temple; and the same old bell, whose solemn echoes rolled the knell of their ancestors among the hills in the days of yore, rings its mournful notes to their own obsequies.

The noise and contending passions of ambition never disturb the repose of their peaceful mountains. The only anxiety of the cottager is to keep, in neat cultivation, his estate; pay the parson and the school-master, and provide for the humble board and comfortable fireside of the long nights of the coming winter. Such are the abodes of the purest happiness the world knows; and though these humble occupants have nothing of the splendor of the gay world, they are equally exempt from its distractions.

"For them the blazing hearth doth burn,
And busy housewife ply her evening care;
Sweet children run to lisp their sire's return,
And climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

On Tuesday, I rode over the hills which were refreshed and smiling with the rising sun, to the North Wilbraham Camp Meeting. There was one summit passed over in the journey, that afforded one of the most commanding landscape prospects that ever I contemplated—an extent of the delicious Connecticut Valley, including at least twenty miles square, apparently as plane as if had been at work to make it so, and circled above with distant hills, as if nature had designed it for her garden, and fenced it with mountains. It is interspersed with churches and cottages. I think about a dozen of the former can be counted from the hill on which you stand. Springfield lies about the center of the picture. North Wilbraham, with its Academy, immediately below your feet, and Mount Tom and Holyoke peer up in the distance on the right. This is the same prospect seen from a different point of sight, that renders Mount Holyoke the greatest natural attraction in New England. When will some able pen do justice to the scenery of New England? No traveller has yet done so. Reed's and Matheson's "Visit to the Churches," is enthusiastic to an extent that some will deem extravagant, but it falls beneath it really.

I spent but few days at the Camp Meeting; it seemed to be under good government, and the seriousness of the people was constantly increasing. Drs. Cox and Hoby, the English Baptist delegates, were present during part of Tuesday. They appeared exceedingly interested, but not altogether decided in their views of the utility of such extraordinary measures, and could not, at first, be induced to take any part in the exercises, but occupied a seat among the congregation, and, after the preaching, were very attentively engaged in observing the exercises in the prayer-meetings of the tents. We invited them to tea in one of the tents, where they were very free in the exchange of brotherly sentiments, and appeared to have received no unfavorable impression from the observations they had made during the afternoon. In the evening they sat with the preachers on the stand, and were to take a part in the evening services, but owing to the arrangements for their departure to Springfield, they were compelled to leave before they could do so. They took a most cordial leave, and seemed gratified with their visit.

Being so far from any Camp Meeting, that it was not convenient for us to attend, and having a tent ready made, and wishing to do something ourselves, we pitched our tent in the rear of our chapel in Rindge, and commenced a protracted Camp Meeting on the 14th instant. Our brethren rallied around with their equipage, and we took up our abode and continued the meeting until the Sabbath following. We cannot report our scores converted, but we can truly say, we felt with Peter, "It was good for us to be there." Five or six souls, at least, were converted and reclaimed. Numbers of others came to the altar, and now cases of hopeful conviction. The death-like slumber of the neighborhood was broken, and we now feel like entering fully into the work of the Lord, "inasmuch as we know that our labor shall not be in vain." We have a new chapel now building the centre of Rindge, which will be completed by the first of November next.

ERASmus B. MORGAN.
Rindge, N. H., Sept. 26th, 1835.

RINDGE AND FITZWILLIAM.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—My place of labor lies in the towns of Rindge and Fitzwilliam, N. H. When I came to my appointment, I found the brethren in the field, their armor on—but sleeping upon their arms. All I had to do was to sound the trumpet, which I did, as God gave me. Soon there began to be the stir in the camp, and waking, and a coming up to the help of the Lord.

Being so far from any Camp Meeting, that it was not convenient for us to attend, and having a tent ready made, and wishing to do something ourselves, we pitched our tent in the rear of our chapel in Rindge, and commenced a protracted Camp Meeting on the 14th instant. Our brethren rallied around with their equipage, and we took up our abode and continued the meeting until the Sabbath following. We cannot report our scores converted, but we can truly say, we felt with Peter, "It was good for us to be there." Five or six souls, at least, were converted and reclaimed. Numbers of others came to the altar, and now cases of hopeful conviction.

The death-like slumber of the neighborhood was broken, and we now feel like entering fully into the work of the Lord, "inasmuch as we know that our labor shall not be in vain."

We have a new chapel now building the centre of Rindge, which will be completed by the first of November next.

ERASmus B. MORGAN.

Fitzwilliam, N. H., Sept. 26th, 1835.

VISIONARY.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, without relaxing a single muscle of his face, suggests the propriety of laying a double track of rails from New York over the Rocky Mountains, to the western coast of the continent.

We would offer an amendment. Dig down the Rocky Mountains, fill up the ocean between the coast and the Sandwich Islands, and lay the rails through. It would be a great convenience to the missionaries there. When that is completed—but stop, one thing at a time.

Who'll take shares?—We speak for one.

"A Member of the Protestant Episcopal Church" shall appear, with our reply to his request, next week.

The following we find in the Middletown, Connecticut Advocate. We publish it as one of the floating matters of the day.

PETITIONING CONGRESS ON SLAVERY.

We received, a few days since, the following letter from Dr. Fisk, for publication:—

MR. EDITOR.—Just before I left Middlebury, I had a Memorial offered to me for my signature, to be presented to the next Congress, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. As this circumstance may be known, and erroneous impressions be drawn from the paper, I beg to sign such a memorial, I beg the privilege of saying a word on that subject, to the public, though I have not time to do so.

My reason for not signing such a paper is chiefly this—the ultra-abolitionists, by their imprudent movements and ill-timed and ill-managed system of agitation, have, I think, removed all hope of success in any measure of this kind at the present time. I utterly despair of any direct measure of even prospective emancipation in the present feverish state of public feeling. Much less is there any hope of success in a measure got up under the auspices of modern abolitionists. As I wish freedom to the slave, if I am permitted to judge of my own feelings in this matter, I do it most sincerely and truly;—as I wish freedom to the slave when it can be prudently and safely done, and to those who are not permitted to do so.

Our Presiding Elder was prevented from being with us by sickness. He came into town but was not able to attend even one meeting. Our preachers were most all of them young men, and we thought we should lack on that account. Yet I have attended camp-meetings for about twenty years and I think I never heard better preaching before.

Good order was observed by the people that came to see and hear. There were a very few exceptions, scarcely worth mentioning, especially when we consider the persons themselves. We always expect misquotations when summer comes.

We hope that the Legislature will see fit to pass some law securing us in holding camp-meetings from the overwhelming corruption of pedlers of all descriptions. The law in Vermont makes it penal to vend any articles with in half a mile of any camp-meeting. I should be glad to have some able hand employed in writing on this subject, for things are getting to a fearful height. We are not safe in the enjoyment of our liberties, which were purchased at so dear a rate.

W. KIMBALL.
Bernardston, Mass., Sept. 22, 1835.

IMPORTANT WORK AT NORWICH.

Norwich Falls, Sept. 24th, 1835.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—it is with no small degree of pleasure and unfeigned gratitude to our God, that I inform the friends of our Zion generally, what the Lord has been doing among us in this place within a few weeks. We had some additional feeling in the society previous to our attending the Camp-Meeting at James' Point, Long Island, the 17th August.

A good number were present from this station. Some were converted, some reclaimed, and some professed to be entirely sanctified. The work broke out on our return home, and between thirty and forty were brought from darkness to God's marvellous light before our protracted

meeting commenced at the Falls, which was on the evening of the 7th of September. At the commencement of the meeting the altar was crowded the first night, and some were converted. It continued eleven days, two half-days intermission. We invited the mourners to the altar at every meeting; sometimes more than sixty came forward, of all ages and both sexes.

Our brethren from the neighboring circuits and stations came promptly to our help. The preaching was of a superior character, and the Holy Spirit set it home effectually to many hearts. The meetings were well-attended, and the best order prevailed through the whole of them.

The number converted during the meeting it was impossible correctly to ascertain. We think 130 were present.

However benumbing and withering the doctrines of Universalism, with it no Hell and no Devil, and no Future Punishment, may be to the natural sensibilities of its adherents, it was not sufficiently so here to withstand the force of truth and argument, when carried home to the heart by the influence of the Divine Spirit. Several of its firmest advocates have been led to renounce its errors, and seek refuge from the justly incurred wrath of the Most High.

We commence a series of meetings in our new house, at the Landing, on the 30th instant, after which you may hear from me again.

W. LIVESLEY.

AD "EMANCIPATOR—EXTRA" has been published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, consisting of the "Appeal," the "Counter Appeal," and the "Defence of the Appeal," originally published as Extras of the Herald.

Chapter of News.

About quarter past two o'clock on Thursday morning, one of the watchmen discovered fire in the five story brick building on the corner of Water and Devonshire streets. The alarm was given, and the members of the Fire Department were soon on the ground; but the flames had made such headway, that it was impossible to arrest their progress, until eight or nine buildings on Water and Devonshire streets were destroyed. The fire commenced in a fruit cellar, but from what cause is unknown. The whole loss is estimated at \$100,000; insurance \$40,000.

The Mercantile Journal states that the steamboat Don Juan burst her boiler about 27 miles above Mobile city, on the 15th ult.; the engineer, whose name was Henry Underwood, was killed, and several passengers badly scalded.

In June last the ketch Henry Freeing, sent out from

England by the Society of Friends, was at Tahiti, reviewing

the state of the Society Islands, and the conduct of the

English missionaries, who, it is stated, are very unpopular

with the natives, in consequence of the heavy fines im-

posed on them for non-attendance at church. (Such ru-

mers too often prove false to be credited.) The natives

are very much dissatisfied with the government of the

queens. The heir to the throne, a youth about three

months old, died in June.

A small girl lately died in the London Hospital, after

extreme suffering, in consequence of a pebble which she

had in sport put in her right ear, and which could not be

got out. A boy, aged nine years, died in convulsions,

from drinking a bottle of gin!

By a recent decree of the Emperor of Russia, the estates

of 2,340 Poles, who are now refugees in foreign parts, have been confiscated.

The new Schah of Persia has caused the Prime Minis-

ter, a man universally feared and detested, owing to the

numerous acts of cruelty and extortion he committed

under the reign of the late Schah, to be arrested and

tried.

A man was recently convicted at the St. Edmund's As-

sociates, (Eng.) for a murder committed in 1817. He has had

a long credit.

Notices.

BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Boston Wesleyan Association will be held at the Herald Office, on Monday, October 12, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

DAVID H. ELA.

October 7, 1835.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Poetry.**"WAKE UP," CRIES THE VOICE.**

The following version in English of the popular and beautiful German hymn, "Wachet auf und die stimme" — "Wake up, cry the voice—has been kindly furnished to us by the translator. He prepared it originally for the Church Harmony.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Zion rise! resounds with power

The watchman's voice from lofty tower;

"Awake, Jerusalem!" he cries;

"Midnight comes," is heard in chorus

— Of thousand tongues in tones sonorous.

"Ye prudent virgin souls, arise!

Behold, the bridegroom's nigh;

Your lamps with oil supply:

Hallelujah!

With joy prepare for your reward,

And hasten forth to hail your Lord."

Zion hears the watchmen's voices,

In glad surprise she now rejoices,

And waketh waits without delay.

The light has come, her glorious day.

"All earthly crowns are thine,

Thou Son of God divine,

Receive us then—

Thy foll' w'rs, O receive us, Lord,

Partakers at thy heavenly board."

"Praise and thanks to thee be given,

From men and angels, earth and heaven,

With songs of sweet, celestial sound.

Pearly gates unfold before us,

We haste to join the eternal chorus

— Of angel bands, the throne around.

Fairl sense hath ne'er perceived,

Nor creature mind conceived

Heavenly pleasures.

Farewell, then, earth, thou vale of night,

We're come where smiles eternal light."

[From the New York Weekly Messenger.]

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Midnight at noon on Calvary's height,

Though clouds, nor tempests o'er it roll:

How should the sun diffuse its light,

While darkness fills the Saviour's soul?

Alone! Why comes no angel band,

Instant, their suffering Lord is aid?

Forbidden? Must no soothng hand

Upon his tortured brow be laid?

None. Behold thy Father's eye

Averted, dying One, from thee:

He feels it. Hark! his bitter cry,

Why—why hath thou forsaken me?"

Appalling scene! Dread sacrifice!

Of late, on Heaven's eternal Throne,

Worshipped by myriads; now, he dics

Upon the cross—deserted—lonely.

My soul! my soul! that heart divine,

Endured for thee, such fearful gloom:

That wo, that guilt, those tears, were thine

Eternal, overwhelming doom.

Saved from its curse, what grief should prove

Thy penitence for every sin;

And oh! with what absorbing love,

Thy holier life should now begin.

LINCOLN.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ELIZABETH GURNEY.

It has pleased Almighty God to take into Himself the soul of our departed sister. She finished her earthly pilgrimage on the 14th instant at Sandwich, Massachusetts, aged 33 years. Her last sickness was but short, (four or five days) but peace, hope, and joy, crowned her exit. The herald of salvation always found a home where she dwelt, and was never, by her, looked upon as a stranger. She loved our Zion; was a mother in Israel; a peace-maker; a faithful wife, and a true friend of the friendless.

She desired no higher title than that of *Christian*. But—

"A Christian is the highest style of man;
And is there who the earth wipes off,
As a toul blot from his dishonored brow?
As angels tremble—is it such a sight?"

Oh! how solemn, how sacred is the place where the Christian meets his fate.

"Hence ye profane!"—Stand back Infidelity; for what has thou to do with a dying Christian? On his tablet is not inscribed the Infidel words, "Eternal Sleep." No—though he dies, yet shall he live.

"Jesus is precious," were among some of the last expressions of our dying sister.

JOSEPH MASH.

Sandwich, Mass., Sept. 26, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died in Malden, Mass., Sept. 15, 1835, Mr. OLIVER LORD, aged 27 years. Brother Lord was born in Lynn, Me., at which place he experienced the pardon of his sins, when only 10 years of age.

Br. L. was a consistent and exemplary Christian. He loved the church of his choice, and especially her doctrines and usages. His fondness for reading the Scriptures was such, that for some months previous to his exit, he usually devoted one hour, at least, every night before he retired, in reading them, and much of this time was spent on his knees.

R. W. ALLEN.

North Malden, Sept. 24.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died in Windham, Connecticut, on the 2d instant, Mrs. ABIGAIL PERKINS, in the 70th year of her age. Sister Perkins, like too many others, neglected to "first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness." The Divine Spirit, however, continued to call after her, till, at length, when far advanced in life, she cherished His holy, convincing influence, and yielded to be "saved by grace, through faith" in Christ, the great Sacrifice for sin. This was in the 64th year of her earthly existence. She soon after associated herself with what is denominated the Christian Church. But, in consequence of the subsequent conversion of her pastor to the delusive, anti-scriptural, and soul-destroying doctrine of *unconditioned salvation*, that branch of the church with which she united, was disorganized, and most of its members were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Sister Perkins was one of the wise few, who maintained her integrity, and "held fast the form of sound words."

About two years since, she connected herself with the M. E. Church in this place, of which she con-

tinued an acceptable and worthy member, till she was removed to the glorious habitation of the just and high.

She was blessed with the perfect use of her mental faculties to the last. She appeared to be perfectly patient, and resigned to the Divine will—said she had no doubts, no fears—felt prepared by grace, and more than willing to die. In this peaceful and happy frame of mind, she bid a final and eternal adieu to earthly scenes.

M. DWIGHT.

WILLIMANTIC, Sept. 23d, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mrs. REBECCA DAVIS, wife of Mr. George W. Davis of Derry, N. H., left this world in prospect of heaven, Sept. 3d, 1835, in the 20th year of her age.

She is said to have become the subject of a gracious change at the age of 15, and for a season to have remained steadfast in the faith of the gospel; but, unfortunately for her, like too many when they leave a pious father's house, and the more immediate watch-care of their spiritual relation, and become connected with such as have no experience or faith in practical Christianity, she gradually imbibed the spirit and sentiment of her new associates, until she found herself quite disqualified for the song of Zion.

But the time is short. She became the subject of adversity, and a voice said, "Consider!" She did so, and literally and spiritually returned to her father's house, at both of which she met with a hearty welcome.

In the very chamber where her brother William had just met his fate, forty miles from her earthly home, she took her position and quietly and peacefully waited till her change came; and then her spirit, freed from clay, retired to rest.

May her dying mantle fall on him to whom she gave her youthful hand, and for whose good she offered her latest prayer.

A. BINNEY.

Lynn, Sept., 1835.

Miscellaneous.

HONESTY OF LABOR AND ITS REWARD. In the 4th of July Oration of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, we find the following valuable letter, and its accompanying remarks:—

"I quote a sentence from it, in spite of the homeliness of the details, for which I like it the better, and because I wish to set before you, not an ideal hero, wrapped in cloudy generalities and a mist of vague panegyric, but the real, identical man, with all the peculiarities of his life and occupation."

"The honest laborer, the man who has been brought before me and punished, and if he recognizes will surely murder me." He was just about to give a false name, when the better thought was suggested, "I am under awful circumstances; if I am moment to pass into eternity, let it not be with a lie upon my lip!" and he replied, "My name is Spread."

The highwayman, as if transformed by some magic spell, in manner, accent, and feature, and with a voice whose softened and subdued tone seemed to make a faint appeal to the memory of Mr. S.—, asked, with feeling and respect, "Do you remember, sir, the prisoner that you let out of your father's yard at Ballycanna, nineteen years ago?"

Mr. S.— did not immediately recollect the circumstances, but they were soon recalled to his memory.

The highwayman said, "I, sir, am the man whose life you that day so mercifully saved." He returned his purse. He said, "This would little avail you: there are six men at different points on the road between you and Cork, that a traveller escapes one, another may meet and secure him." In answer to some questions of Mr. S., he confessed it not at all improbable, that if he were found empty, and the account of his previous robbery not credited by the next who stopped him, he might be murdered. He walked by the side of Mr. S.'s horse; conducted him safely through the gang to the turnpike at Blackpool, in the suburbs of Cork; and at parting, compelled him to receive gold sufficient to complete his engagement.

In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh, and after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body. Damiani still looked at this painful separation, and seemed to preserve some sense and knowledge after both thighs, and one arm, were thus severed from his body: nor was it till the other arm went away that he expired.

As soon as it was certain that there was no life left, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire prepared for that purpose near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes.

confined him under the arms, and above the thighs. The first torment he underwent, was that of having his hand burnt in the flame of brimstone—the pain of which made him send forth such a terrible cry as might be heard a great way off.

A moment afterwards he raised his head, and looked earnestly at his hand, without renewing his cries, and without expressing any passion, or breaking out into any imprecation. To this first torment succeeded that of pinching him with red hot pincers, in the arms, thighs and breasts. At each pinch he was heard to shriek, in the same manner as when his hand was burnt. He looked and gazed at each wound, and his cries ceased as soon as the pinching was over. They afterwards poured boiling oil, and melted lead and resin, into every wound, except those of the breast, which produced, in all those circumstances, the same effect as the two first tortures. The tenor of his articulated exclamations, at times, was as follows:—"Strengthen me, Lord God! strengthen me!—Lord God, have pity on me!—O Lord, my God, what do I not suffer!—Lord God, give me strength!"

At length they proceeded to the ligatures of his arms, legs and thighs, in order to dismember him. This preparation was very long and painful, the cords straightly tied, bearing grievously upon the fresh wounds. This drew new cries from the sufferer; but did not hinder him from viewing and considering himself with a strange and singular curiosity.

The horses having been put to the draught, the pulleys were repeated for a long time, with frightful cries on the part of the sufferer; the extension of whose members was incredible, and yet nothing gave signs of the dismemberment taking place.

In spite of the straining efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, and, perhaps, too much so, being the more restive and unmanageable for drawing in concert, this last torment had now lasted for more than an hour, without any prospect of its ending. The physician and surgeon certified to the commissioners, that it was almost impossible to accomplish the dismemberment, if the action of the horses was not aided by cutting the principal sinewes, which might, indeed, suffer a length of extension, but not be separated without an amputation. Upon this attestation the commissioners sent an order to the executioner, to make such an amputation, with regard especially to the night coming on, as seemed to them fitting that the execution should be over before the close of the day.

In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh, and after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body. Damiani still looked at this painful separation, and seemed to preserve some sense and knowledge after both thighs, and one arm, were thus severed from his body: nor was it till the other arm went away that he expired.

As soon as it was certain that there was no life left, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire prepared for that purpose near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes.

THOUGHTS.

Hast thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodily forth, and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts—a wind swept meadow,
Mimicking a troubled sea;
Such is life—and death a shadow
From the rock Eternity!

WORDSWORTH.

THE PATH OF DUTY IS THE PATH OF PEACE AND SAFETY.

Mr. S.—, a country gentleman and magistrate, resided at B——, in the vicinity of Cork. Early in the last century a prisoner, charged with sheep-stealing, was brought to his house; and while Mr. S.— was engaged in writing a committal, and the bailiffs in making the necessary preparations for carrying forward the prisoner, the latter was placed for safe custody in a yard enclosed by a lofty wall. In this yard a child, son of Mr. S.—, and afterwards father to the lady who related to me this anecdote, was amusing himself with some childish sports.

The prisoner was in early youth. He had but just entered upon his vicious career, and his feelings and fears were not yet extinguished and rendered callous by habitual crime. He sat down upon a stone in the yard, placed his head between his knees, and wept bitterly.

The child was immediately arrested in his play by this pitiless spectacle, and, with all the veneration which deep sorrow secures from every feeling mind, drew near to the sufferer, and timidly inquired why he wept.

The prisoner, hunted down by all, sinking in despair, and perhaps catching at the slender hope which the sympathy of the magistrate's child held out to him, told, with all the pathos of real woe, the tale of his sorrows, and wrought powerfully upon the feelings of the child.

His first reply was a rapid and earnest inquiry, "Why don't you run away from them?"

The man pointed to the lofty wall and locked door, and said, "How can I?"

This difficulty the child at once overruled by saying, "I will let you out" and without waiting a reply, ran quickly into the house.

I will not say he stole the key, for he never thought of any objection against his using it, but quite the contrary; in the most perfect simplicity and good humor he took it, unobserved, from the table at which his father was writing the committal; unlocked the wicket, through which, with a hurried step and parting blessing, the prisoner quickly escaped; and when he found himself near a farm house, weary and hungry, and without a penny to purchase a mouthful of food, or the use of a pillow for the night. The thought struck him suddenly of throwing himself upon the hospitality of the farmer, for the occasion, in the character of a minister. Introducing himself as such to the family, he was gladly received; and as the country was new and destitute of clergymen, the good people forthwith despatched messengers to the neighbors, that a minister had come among them,

that he might make arrangements to prevent its being invited them to attend a meeting. The impostor had not anticipated so speedy a trial of his clerical character; but having assumed it, there was no escape—he must act